

#6

\$1.25

# QUACK!



INTRODUCING:  
THE QUARK  
— SON OF  
QUACK!

TED  
RICHARDS



14 November 1977  
Oakland, CA

Last time around I spoke of my dissatisfaction with the format of QUACK and wrote that I was considering some adjustments. The few letters I've received have helped in making any changes. This issue marks some early steps toward a newer package.

First, the number of individual strips is reduced to five (six, if you're picky and count the "Wraith" stories as two). Next issue, we will be reducing the strip count even further, to three: Steve Leialoha's rabbits (futuristic and wild west), Ted Richards' "The Quack" and Mike Gilbert's "The Wraith".

Second, in order to allow these folks the additional time to draw and write more than they usually have for this book (about twice more) the frequency of publication will drop to twice a year from its current quarterly status. So the next issue (No. 7) will be released in about six months.

The hope is that this new arrangement will prove satisfactory to all concerned, including yourselves. I think that QUACK will gain a bit more focus and direction. Naturally, if you have any thoughts or feelings about this, let me know.

Michael Gilbert asks me to inform you of a contest he is holding. The five people who identify the most number of Michael's characters on the last page of his "Christmas Carol" story will win original "Wraith" artwork. So all of you who find entertainment in such activity send your lists to "The Wraith Contest" c/o Michael Gilbert, 15 El Towonal, Orinda, CA 94563.

Lastly, we're aware that most of you will probably be reading this comic after the first of the year. Our original intention had been to have this released well ahead of Christmas, so Mike Gilbert did up his little Christmas story. Only things, as usually happens, screwed up. So don't think of it as late and irrelevant, but rather a bit of cheer to carry you thru the winter and the rest of the year.

See you next time around.

*Mike Friedrich*



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Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read, warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.  
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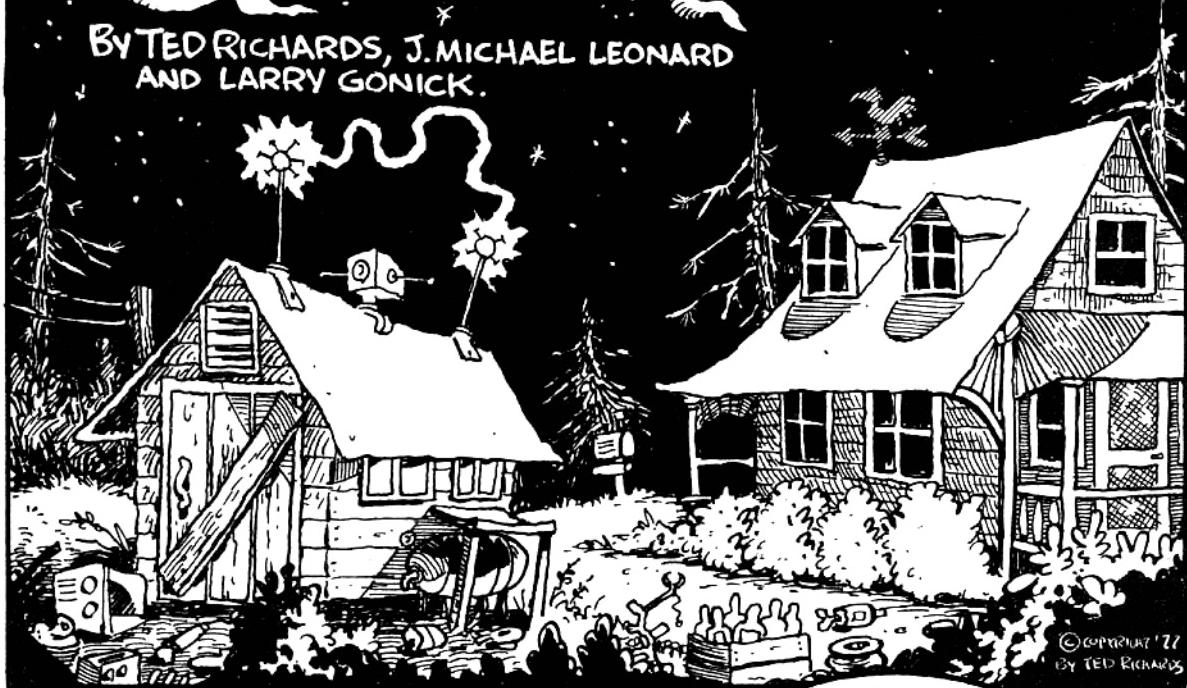
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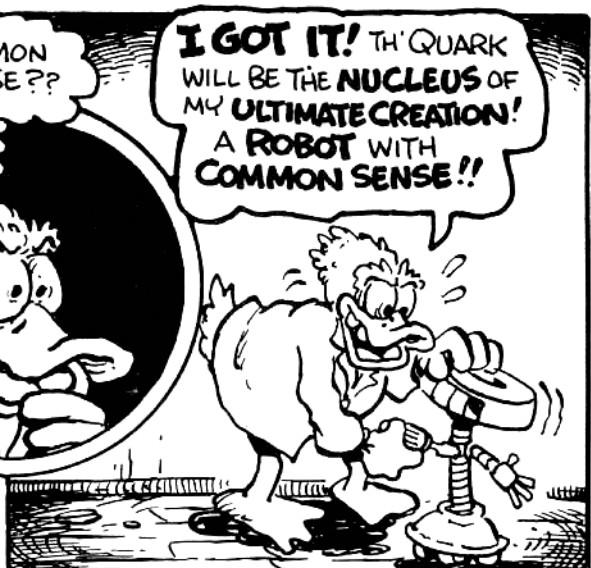
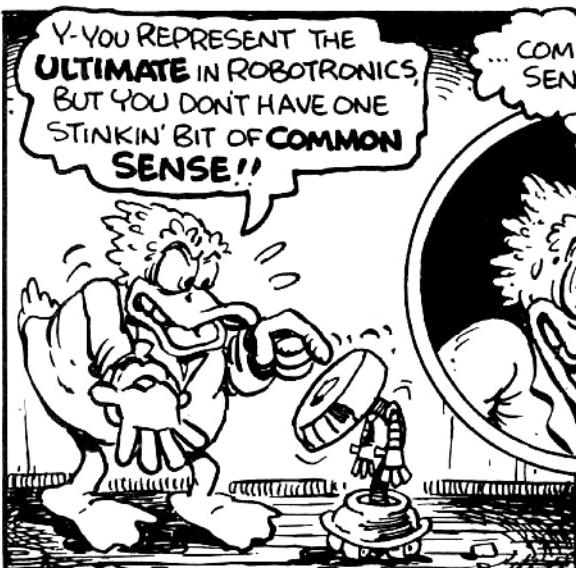
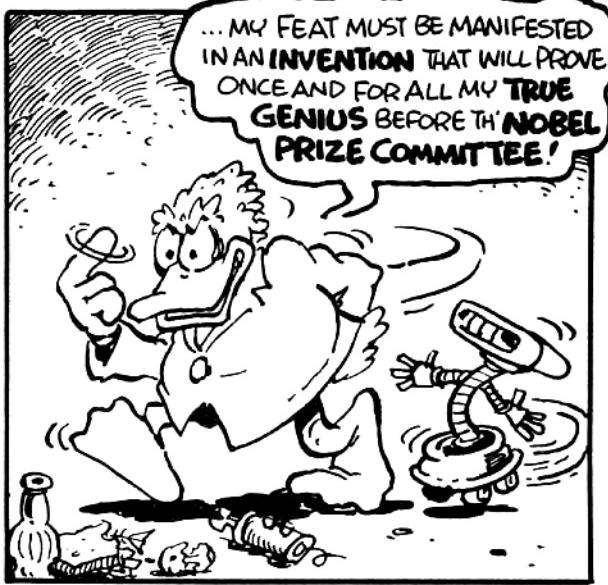
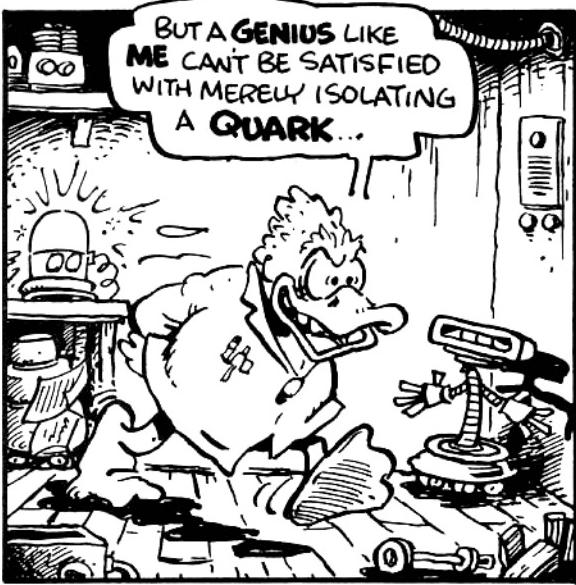
# THE QUARK SON OF QUACK

BY TED RICHARDS, J. MICHAEL LEONARD  
AND LARRY GONICK.



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BY TED RICHARDS





AND SO TH' QUACK FANATICALLY LABORS THRU THE FOLLOWING DAYS AND WEEKS (WITH THE HELP OF HIS LOYAL WIFE, DAGMAR), 'TIL WE FIND HIM STANDIN' AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE GREATEST MOMENT IN HIS INFAMOUS CAREER.

RUMBLE

AH-HAHAAH!  
BEHOLD DAGMAR,  
AS MY  
**NOBEL PRIZE**  
COMES TO LIFE!!

C'MON QUINCY.  
PULL THE SWITCH  
AND LET'S GO TO  
**BED!** I HAVEN'T  
EVEN HAD MY **HAND**  
HELD IN OVER  
**THREE WEEKS!**

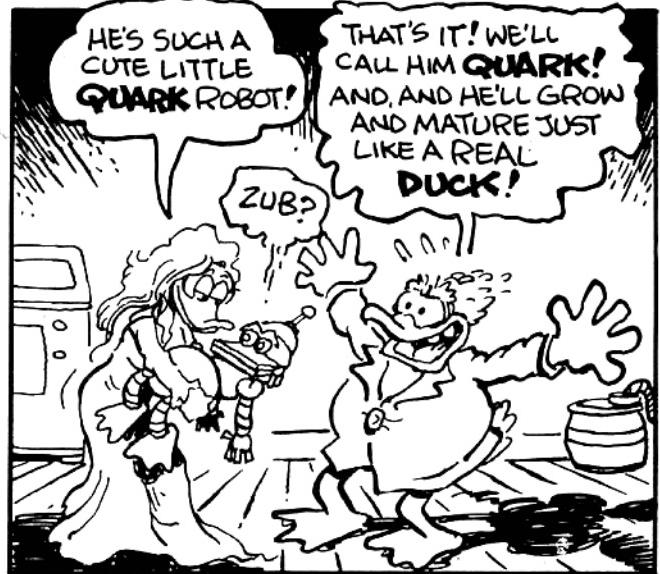
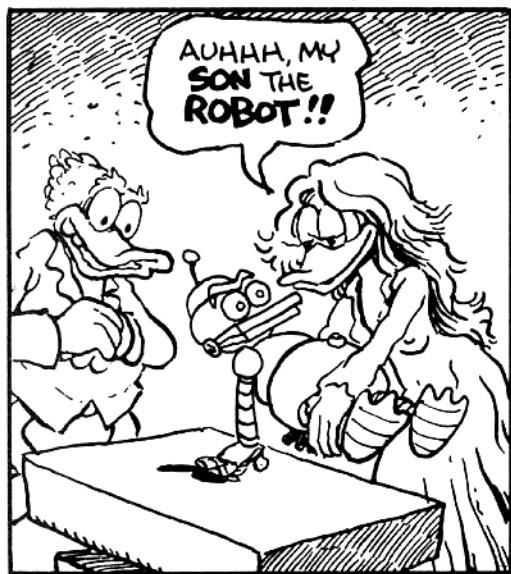
THE TENSION HAS BEEN ALMOST UNBEARABLE...

ZOOT

BUT NOW, THE ENTIRE CRAZED EFFORT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!

DAGMAR.  
LOOK! I-IT'S MOVING!

B-BUT QUINCY,  
"IT" SEEMS CONFUSED!



BUT THE PROUD PARENTS SOON BECOME BORED WITH THE NOVELTY OF THEIR CREATION...

OH... HE'S SUCH A LITTLE GENIUS... HE CAN DO EVERYTHING FOR HIMSELF. HE'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL. (YAWN)

AND THE QUARK BEGINS TO SUFFER.

WHERE'S QUARK?

WATCHING T.V.

ZAPPO ZUPPO KRUPPY POPS  
SNICKUM SNACKUM  
GOODY GOOD... YUDDA  
YUDDA YOOOO

EATY SWEETY  
FUNNY BUNNY  
BOOGER WOOGER  
SUGAR SUGAR

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE QUARK'S FIRST ORIGINAL THOUGHTS EMERGE.

I'M A QUICKUM KICKUM EMERGENCY!! HAHAAA DON'T SHOOT PLEASE DON'T SHOOT BLAM QUICKUM KICKUM

SOON NEGLECT TURNS TO ABUSE.

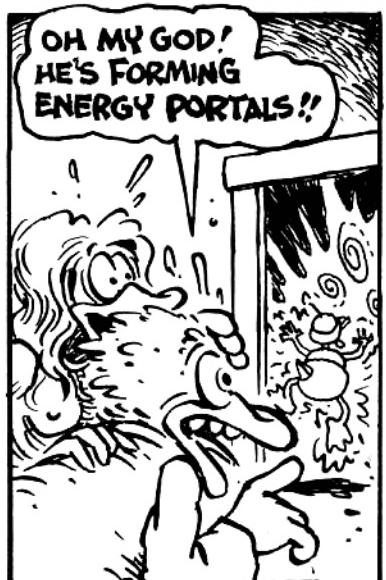
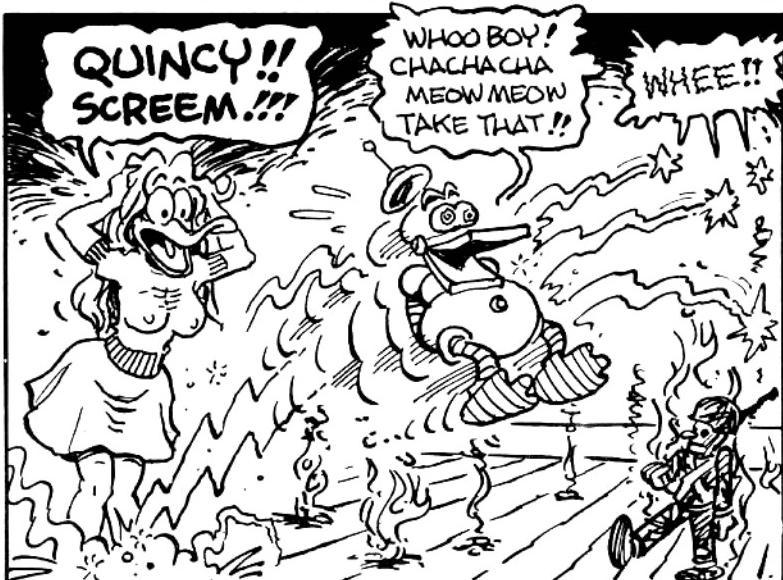
DON'T TALK BACK TO ME! WHERE'S YOUR OFF BUTTON?

HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE... JUST RUB HIM WITH A WOOL CLOTH—HE CAN'T STAND TH' STATIC!!

THREE WEEKS  
AFTER HIS BIRTH  
HE DISCOVERS HIS  
TRUE FRIENDS —  
THE ELECTRONS.

WE'VE NEVER  
FLOWED THROUGH  
ANYBODY LIKE  
YOU BEFORE!

YEAH—ADDS  
LIFE—HUH—  
WINNER TAKES  
ALL—THAT'S  
ME! FRESHER  
TOO!

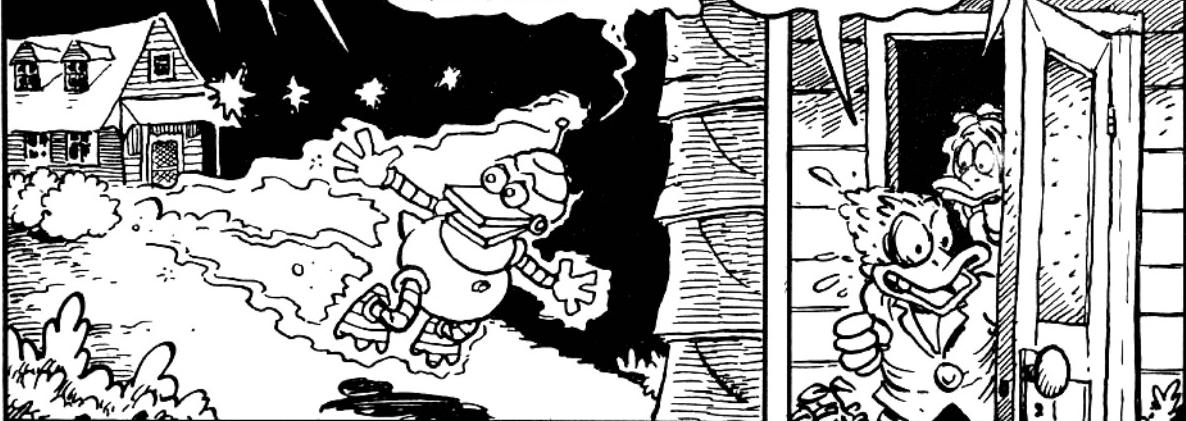


WHEE!! LET'S FIND  
MORE FRIENDS!  
TO THE LABORATORY!

TEN-FOUR-OVER AND OUT  
RAMPARTS. WE GOT A  
PULMONARY PNEUMATIZED  
BODY SOCK-LABORATORY  
MOUTHWASH...

OH NO! HE'S  
HEADED FOR  
MY GENERATORS!

HIDE, DAGMAR!  
I'LL TRY AND  
HANDLE THIS!



NOTHING STANDS IN  
MY WAY, BABY—  
WHETHER IT'S A BUS,  
TRAIN, PLANE, OR YOU—  
AND YOU, YOU'RE  
THE ONE!

STOP  
You little...  
AGHHH!

ZOO!

FREE OF HIS PARENTS, THE QUARK  
NOW HEADS FOR THE BIG TIME...

AWW...WE  
STILL DON'T  
HAVE ENOUGH  
FRIENDS!

SHOOT THE  
WORKS—POP 'EM  
TOP 'EM, TOAST  
'EM!



THE SKY!!  
WE HAVE LOTS  
OF FRIENDS  
IN THE SKY!

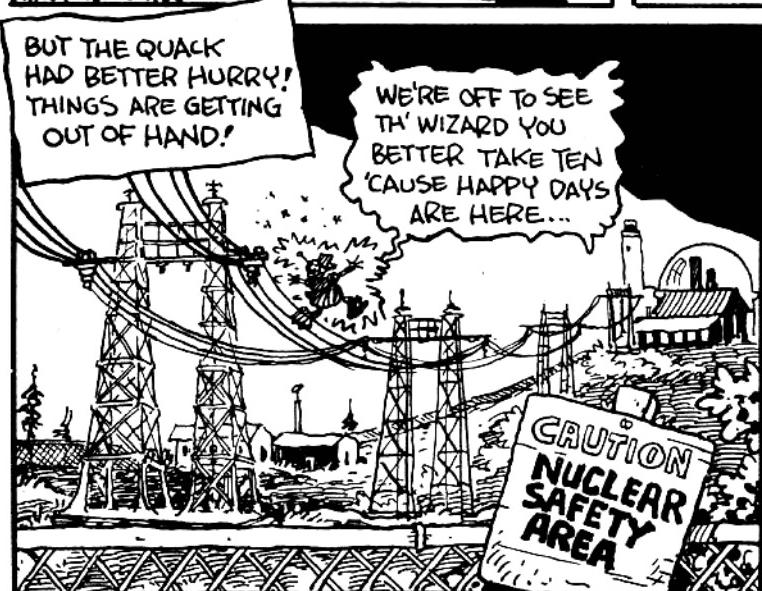
FLY THE  
FRIENDLY  
SKIES OF  
UNITED WE  
STAND...

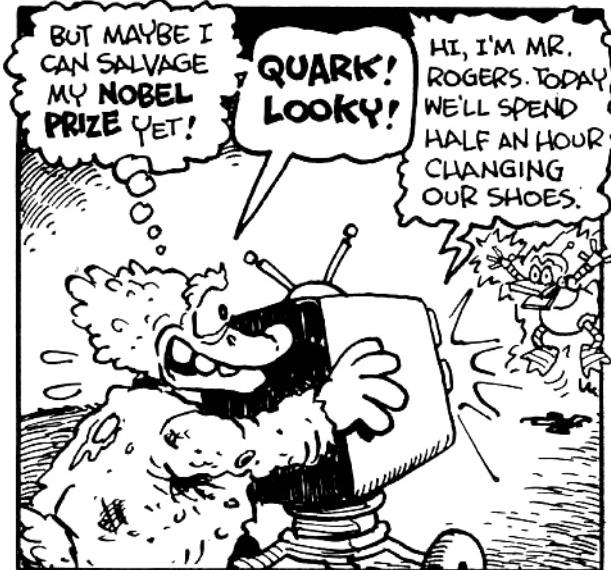
KEEP YOUR  
PEETSY'S FEETSIES  
ON THE GROUND  
AND OUR FRIENDS  
WILL COME!

YOU ASKED  
FOR IT—  
YOU GOT  
IT—  
DON JONES  
UP 2½!

QUARK...  
MY SON...  
WAIT—  
LISTEN  
TO ME...  
I'M  
SORRY!







BUT THE QUACK HAS CORRECTLY ANTICIPATED THE SITUATION—

IT'S ALL HIS FAULT—I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!



IT WORKED! THE MOB WAS FOOLED BY MY EXTRA QUARK BODY! THE REAL QUARK SHALL LIVE!

CRUNCH

ZIP  
CHOP  
CRACK  
POP  
HOWL

LYNCH

THE QUACK IS OFF THE HOOK AGAIN, AS THE INTOXICATED TOWNSFOLK FAIL TO NOTICE A ROCKET BLASTING OFF.



C'MON, QUINCY... FORGET ABOUT IT... YOU CAN MAKE ANOTHER ONE SOMEDAY...



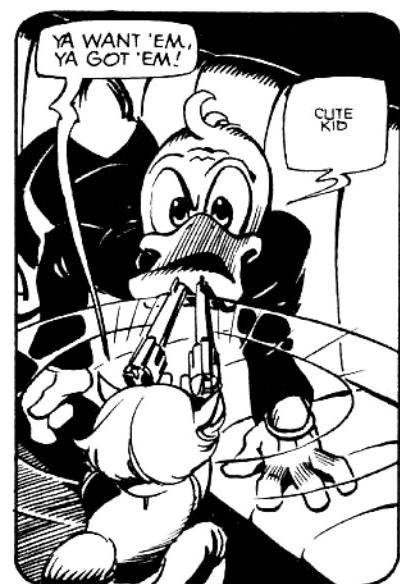
NOW CAN WE GO TO BED?

OH...ALL RIGHT—  
BUT FIRST LET ME FINISH THIS GENETIC TRANSPLANT EXPERIMENT...

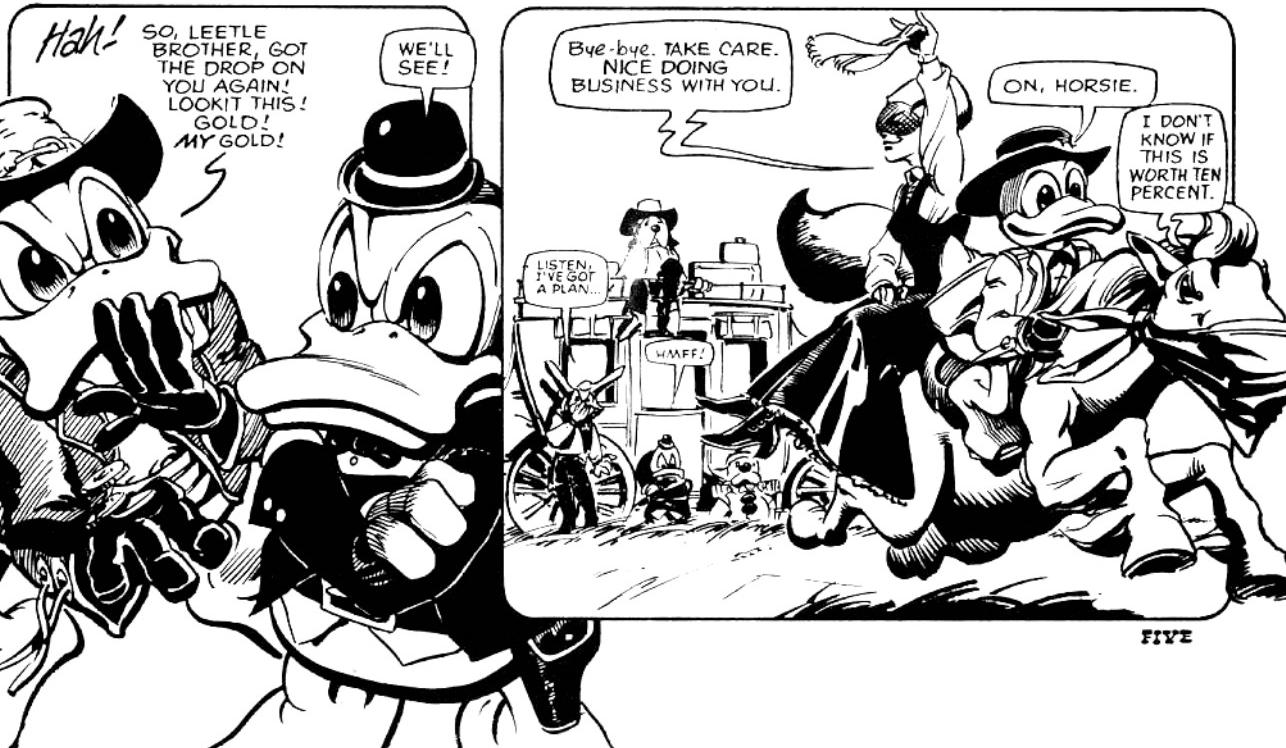
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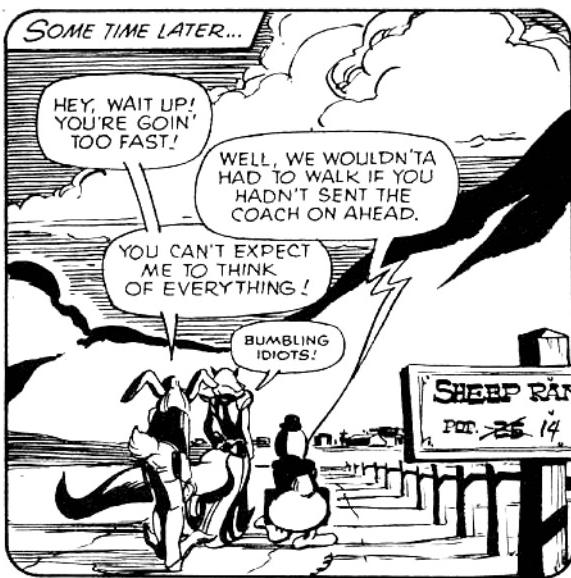












CONCLUSION NEXT TIME in: ANGELS' CAMP



## "YOU-ALL GIBBON"

©1977 Scott Shaw

12 December 1977  
San Francisco, CA

"You-All Gibbon: The Land That Time Ignored" by Scott Shaw is not in this issue after all. Perhaps time could ignore the story but our finances could not, so we are going to press without it.

Scott explained his failure to deliver on time as having "other priorities", chief among them being his commitment to the Hanna-Barbera-produced comics for Marvel Comics. He has also expressed a loss of respect for QUACK and myself here at Star\*Reach as explanation for a lack of enthusiasm to finish his story.

At last word Scott is editing a funny animal magazine called WILD ANIMALS for Krupp Comics in Wisconsin, so we'll be seeing his animal creations elsewhere.

In "You-All's" stead we're reprinting "The Duckaneer", the story by Frank Brunner that started this magazine back in issue One. That first issue has just this month fallen out of print, so in a way, this printing will help keep it around for those of you who are new to QUACK. To those who already have our first issue, we apologize, but hope you enjoy re-reading the story in this setting.



QUACKERSVILLE,  
3 A.M.: A TIME  
WHEN MOST  
DECENT DUCKS  
ARE ASLEEP.

HOWEVER, THIS  
STORY IS NOT  
ABOUT THEM. THIS  
IS A TALE OF  
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...  
A NIGHT TRIPPER  
DOWN THE STREETS  
OF FANTASY... A  
COMIC ARTIST!

...EVEN NOW AS DAWN  
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE  
APPROACH, THIS ONE  
IS LABORING TO  
MAKE IT REAL!

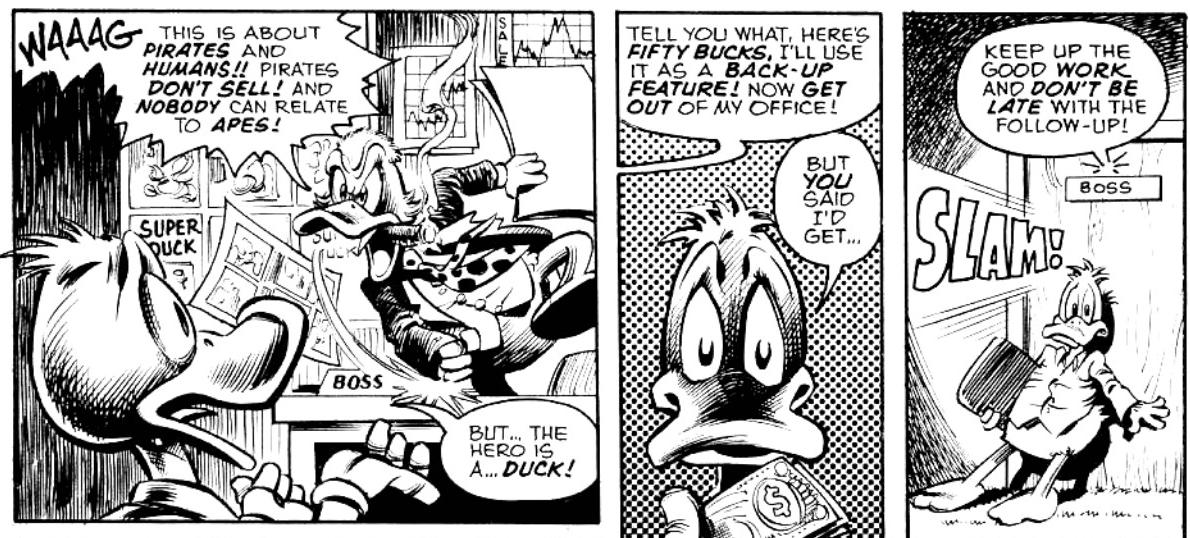
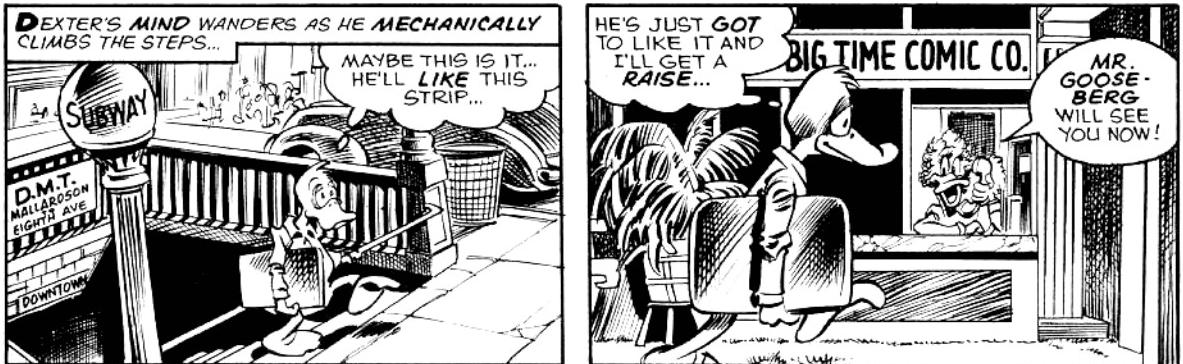
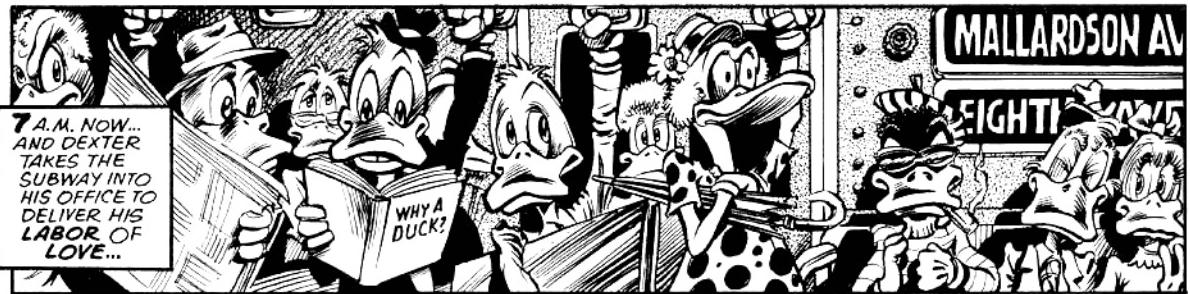
FOR THIS  
IS THE SAGA  
OF THE...

© 1976 Frank Brunner

AVASAK  
YA SWI

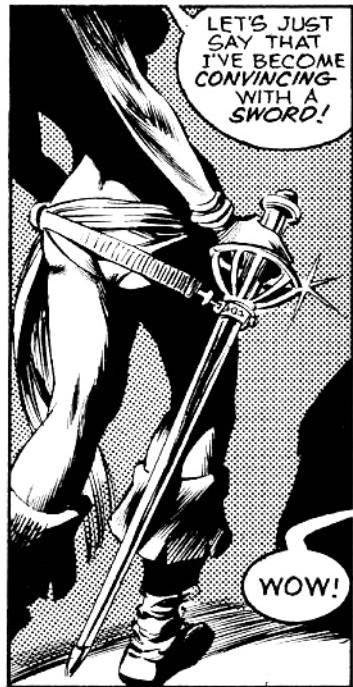
PELICAN BLACK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**FRANK BRUNNER**  
EMBELLISHED BY STEVE LEIALOHA  
LETTERED BY TOM ORZECHOWSKI

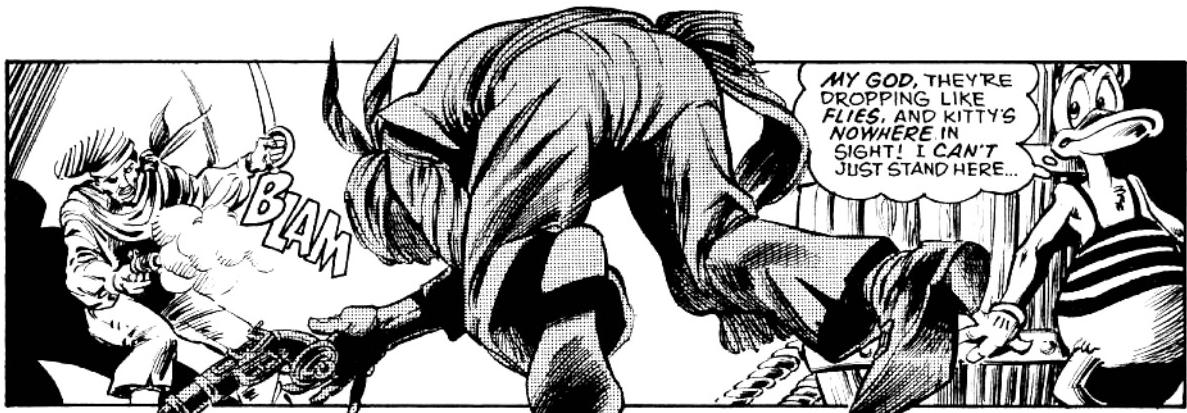


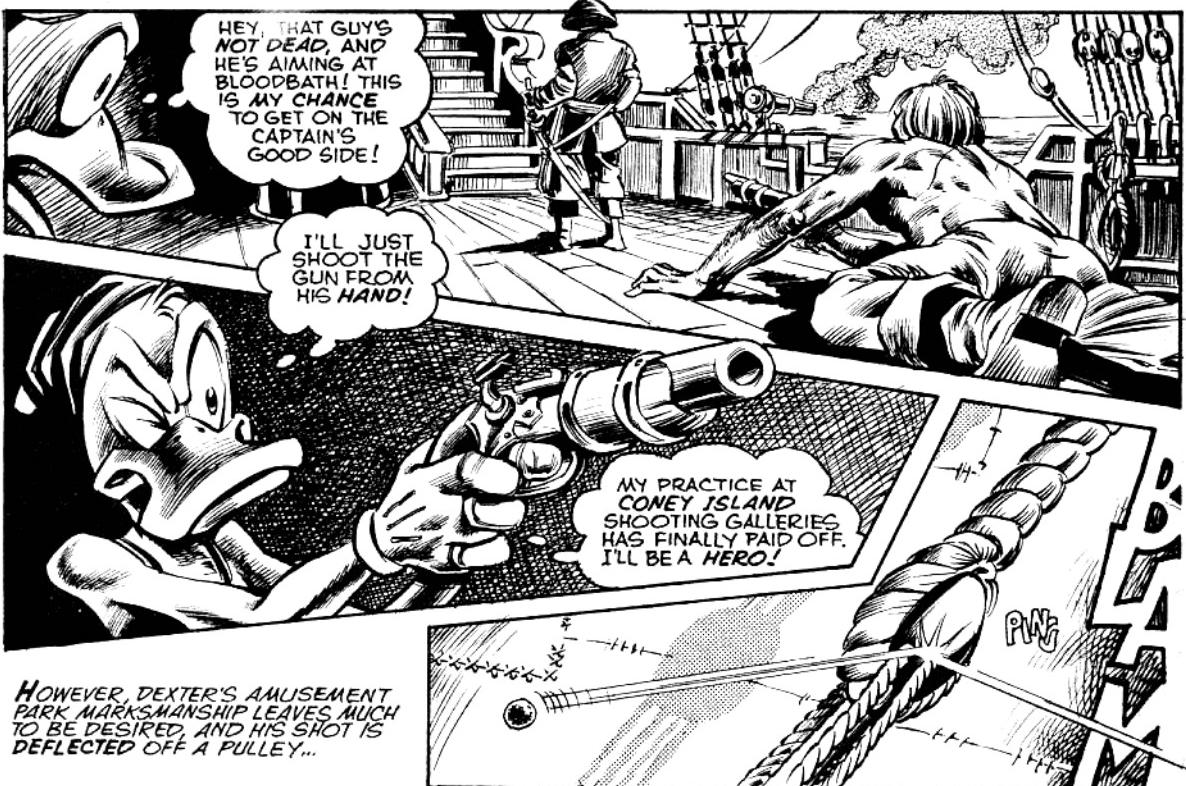






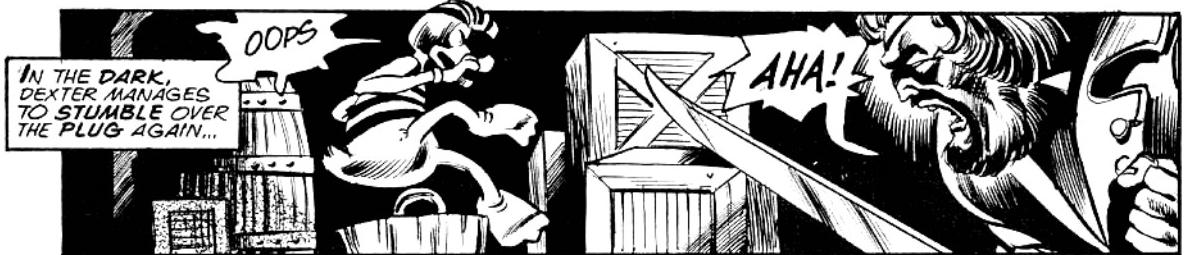






HOWEVER, DEXTER'S AMUSEMENT PARK MARKSMANSHIP LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED, AND HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED OFF A PULLEY...







THE INITIAL GUSH OF WATER SENDS HIM HURTLING ACROSS THE HOLD...



BLOODBATH STAGGERS A MOMENT IN TOTAL DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THEN COLLAPSES, DEAD.



HEY, MATES!  
BLOODBATH IS  
DEAD! MEET THE  
NEW CAPTAIN...  
DEXTER!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?  
TO THE CAPTAIN'S... er YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN REVELRY, A LONG AND STRANGE DAY ENDS. DEXTER AND HIS MATE RETIRE.



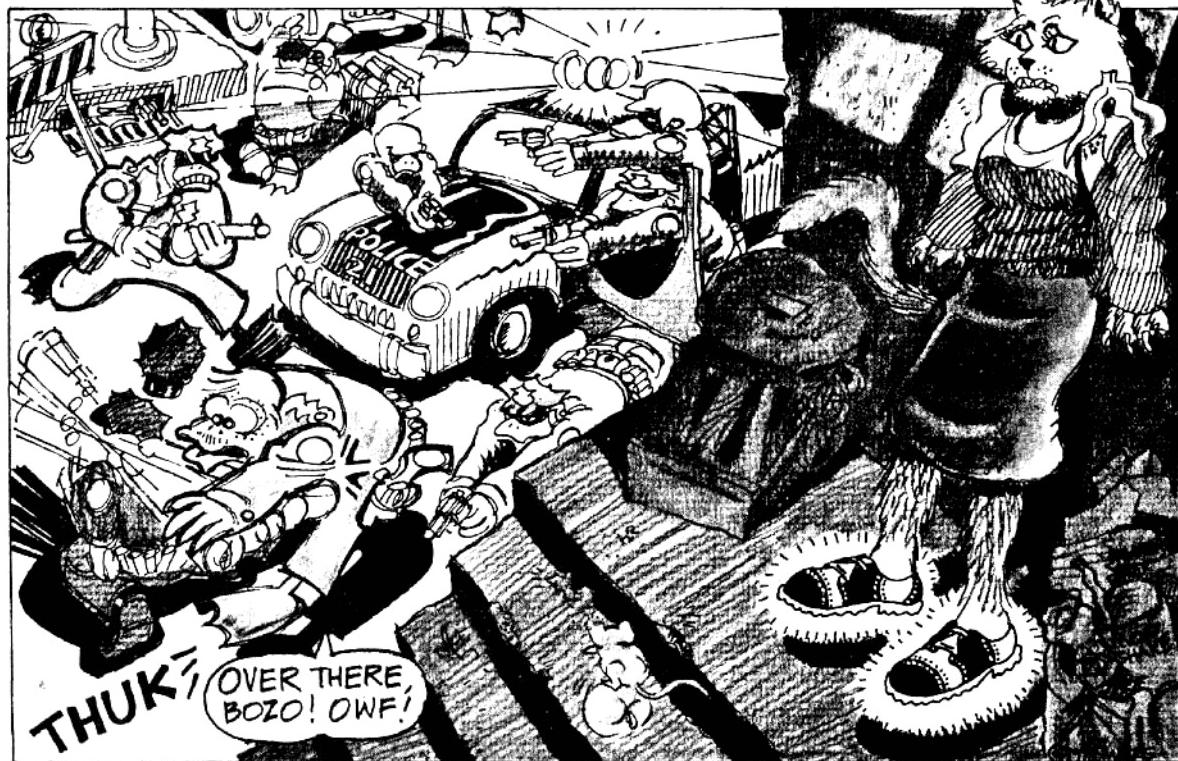
BY MORNING, THE CREW HAS DRIED OUT AND CAPTAIN DEXTER ADDRESSES THEM...



LOOK! DOWN IN THE STREET: IT'S A BROGUE! IT'S A SANDAL! NO! IT'S....

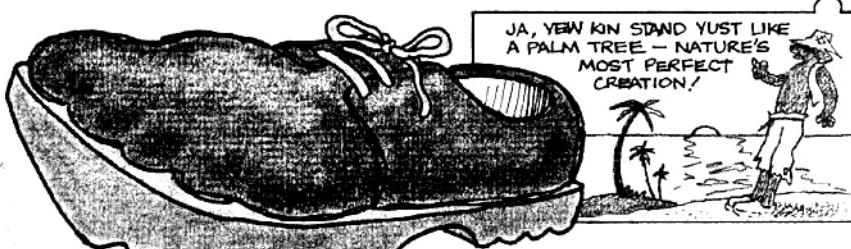
# THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!

A TALE OF CREATIVITY AND CRIME BY LEE MARRS-





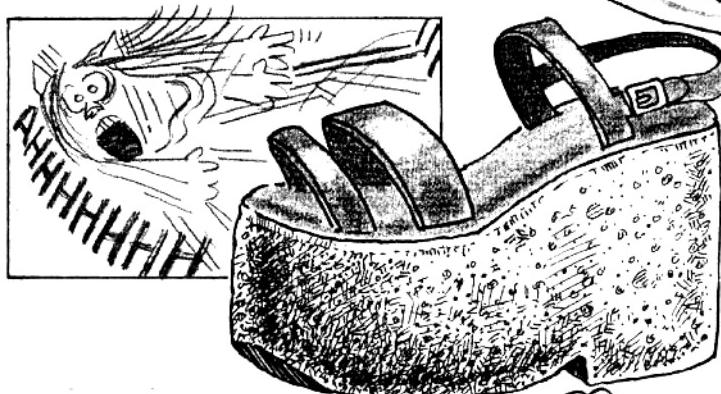
HOWEVER, IN THIS AUTOMATED, CONSUMER-WASTE SOCIETY, THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR "PERFECT".



THE DIRT SHOE

BASED ON A BRAND NEW  
"ORGANICALLY SOUND"  
PRINCIPLE DISCOVERED  
BY A NORWEGIAN  
BEACHCOMER WHEN HE  
SIGHTED AN UPROOTED  
PALM TREE PRINT IN THE  
SHORES OF KITCHYMOONO

**ABIBAS** THOSE FAB  
TENNIS SHOES INVENTED BY  
A FINE OLE GERMAN FIRM,  
REVERED FOR GENERATIONS,  
WHO INSTANTLY, UPON THE  
STYLE BECOMING POPULAR,  
SUBCONTRACTED TO 250  
CHEAPO TAIWAN MILLS!



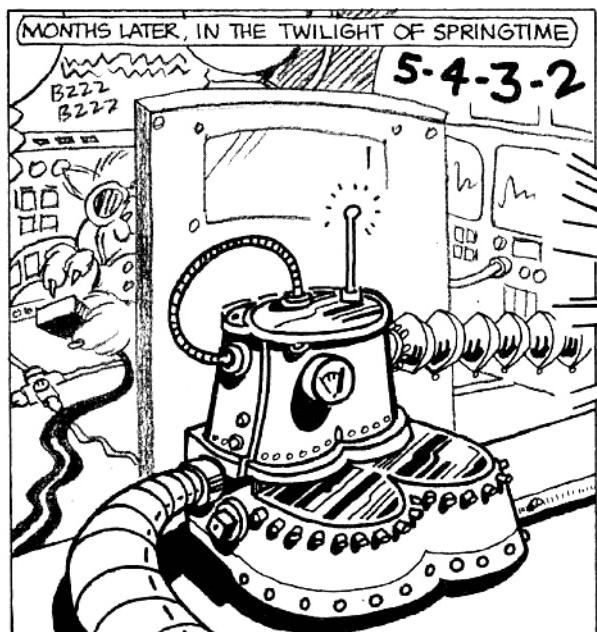
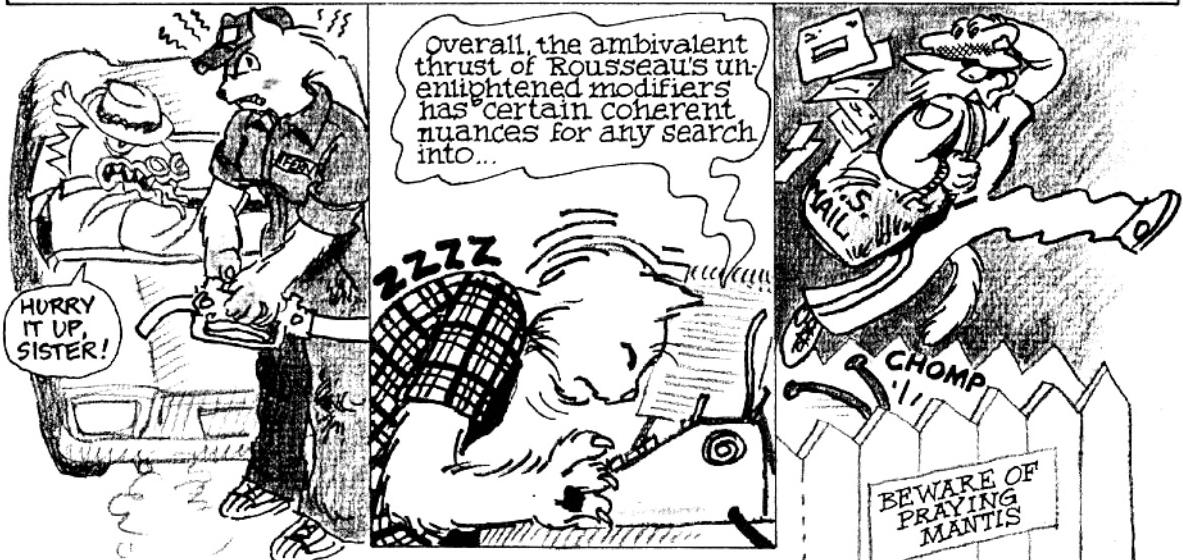
CARMEN MIRANDA XTRA

WAS SECRETLY FINANCED BY A BONE SPECIALISTS CONSORTIUM SLUSH FUND AFTER STATISTICS REVEALED THAT 85% OF CLOG WEARERS BROKE THEIR ANKLES IN THE FIRST WEEK OF WEAR.

DAMMIT! THEY WON'T GET AWAY  
WITH THAT ABYSMAL, TRASHY JUNK  
ANYMORE! GENIUS WILL PREVAIL!  
ON MY OWN - BY MYSELF - I WILL  
DEFEAT THEM! I WILL CREATE THE

PERSEVERE! I WILL CREATE THE  
**PERFECT SHOE!**

FERN'S DEDICATION KNEW NO BOUNDS. FOR 5 YEARS SHE SAVED 90% OF HER VARIED INCOME.

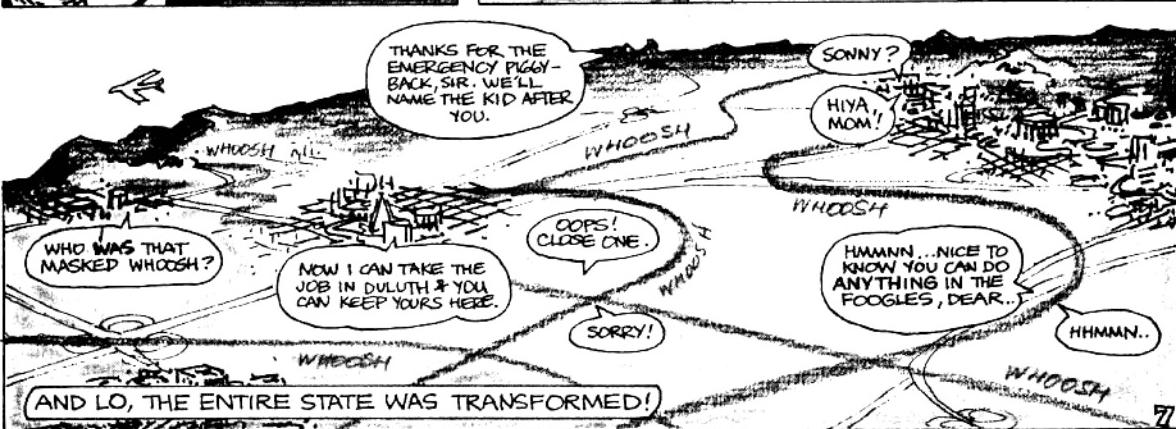








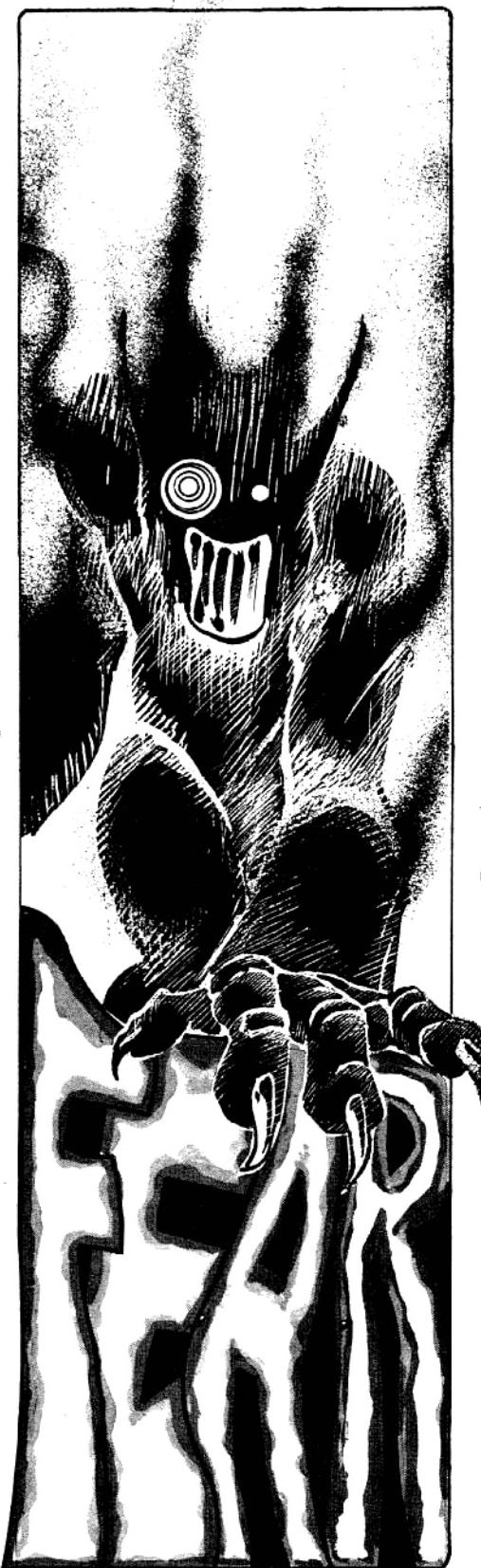
A CRIMINAL IS BORN! SOON, IN HUNDREDS OF SHOE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY...



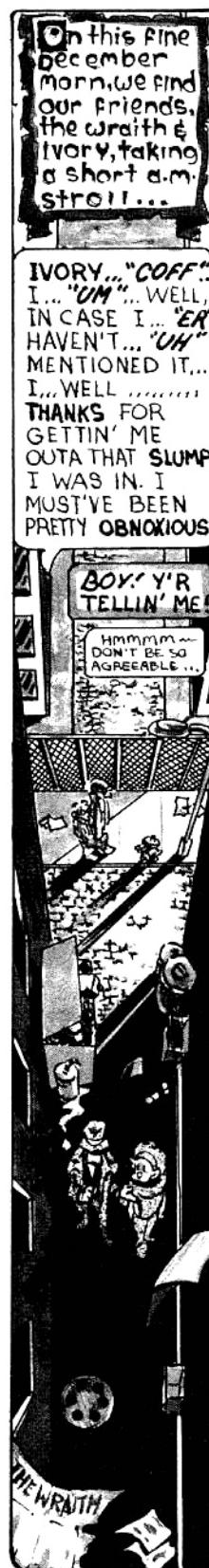


AND SO SHE ZOOMS TODAY, REBUILDING HER RESOURCES FOR ANOTHER TRY. THEY MAY HAVE HUSHED UP THE NEWS AND CONFISCATED THE SHOES. BUT ONE DAY... YOU'LL BE WAITING FOR A BUS, OR IN LINE AT THE CO-OP — YOU'LL FEEL A SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR  
**WHOOOSH!! BEWARE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!**

END



The Wraith  
© 1977  
michael t. gilbert  
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...AN'  
SPEAKIN'  
OF BEIN'  
AFRAID...  
Y'KNOW,  
WRAITH.  
I'VE SEEN  
YOU  
FIGHT  
CROOKS,  
LOONIES,  
MONSTERS.

LOTS OF  
**SCARY** THINGS  
AND Y'KNOW...  
I WAS KINDA  
WONDERIN'...

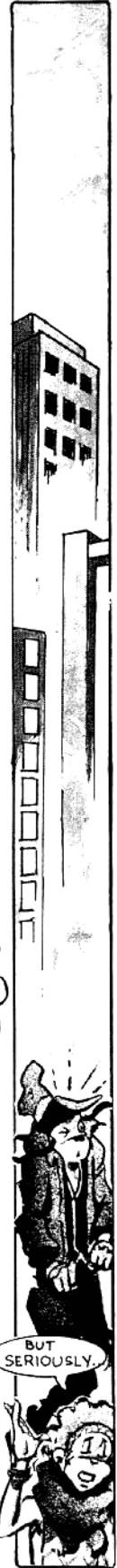
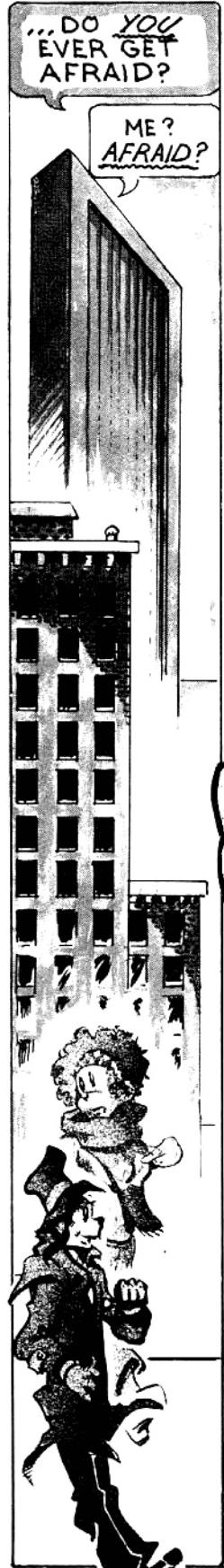
...DO YOU  
EVER GET  
AFRAID?

ME?  
AFRAID?

HELL, NO!

I'M...  
**THE  
WRAITH!**

UM-HM.  
YEAH.



WHADAYA MEAN...  
"BUT SERIOUSLY?"  
AM I TO UNDERSTAND  
THAT YOU DOUBT  
MY TOTAL, ABSOLUTE  
FEARLESSNESS??

...WELL, I ....  
...WELL ...  
WELL... ARE YOU?

"AM I?" LORD!  
YOU KIDS TODAY!  
GROW UP, TOOTS!  
I'VE GOT FEARS AN'  
WORRIES SAME AS  
THE NEXT GUY - TH'  
NEXT GUY BEIN' WOODY  
ALLEN. SURE I GET  
SCARED, SOMETIMES -  
WHO DOESN'T?

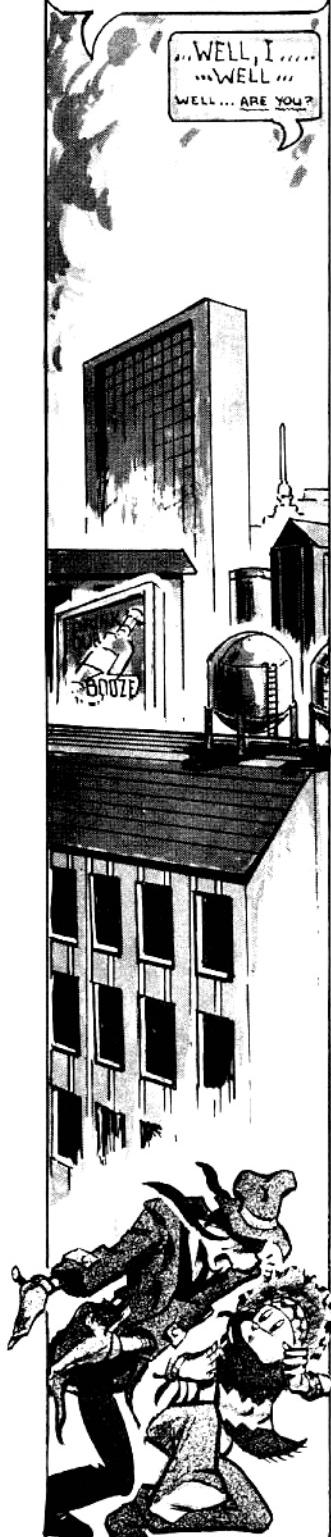
YEAH??  
WHAT ARE  
Y'SCARED OF?  
HUH?

ON, I DUNNO -  
LOTS OF THINGS.  
MYSELF,  
SOMETIMES...

AFRAID OF  
Y'RSELF?!?  
AW C'MON  
WRAITH. WHO  
Y'TRYIN' TA  
KID, HUH? HUH?

NO - SERIOUSLY!  
LOOK, GRANTED  
THAT I'M AS NORMAL  
AS THE NEXT  
CRIME - FIGHTER  
{ A RATHER CRAZY  
PROFESSION TO BEGIN WITH }

AND FURTHER -  
LET'S GRANT THAT  
CRIME FIGHTERS  
ARE A FAIRLY  
HEALTHY LOT -  
BRAIN - WISE!  
{ ADMITTEDLY A RATHER  
"IFFY" PROPOSITION. }



THAT IS, EVEN ASSUMING WE'RE DEALING WITH A RELATIVELY HEALTHY MIND . . . THERE ARE **STILL** A WHOLE MESS OF HUMAN **HANGUPS** TO DEAL WITH.

THE FEARS, THE HATES. THE INSECURITIES. THE DEMONS WITHIN. ALL THOSE DARK SPOTS HIDDEN INSIDE THAT WE TRY TO BURY! **OHHH, YES!!!**

I FEAR THOSE PARTS OF ME, IVORY

AW, C'MON, WRAITH. YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING **ROTTEN**, COULDYA, WRAITH?

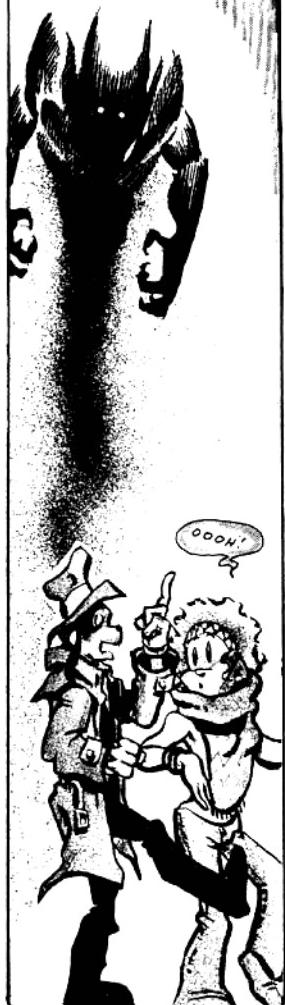
AHHH, IVORY! AS A PREDECESSOR OF MINE ONCE SAID: "**WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?**" UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, WHO IS TO SAY OF WHAT POTENTIAL **EVIL** ONE IS CAPABLE?

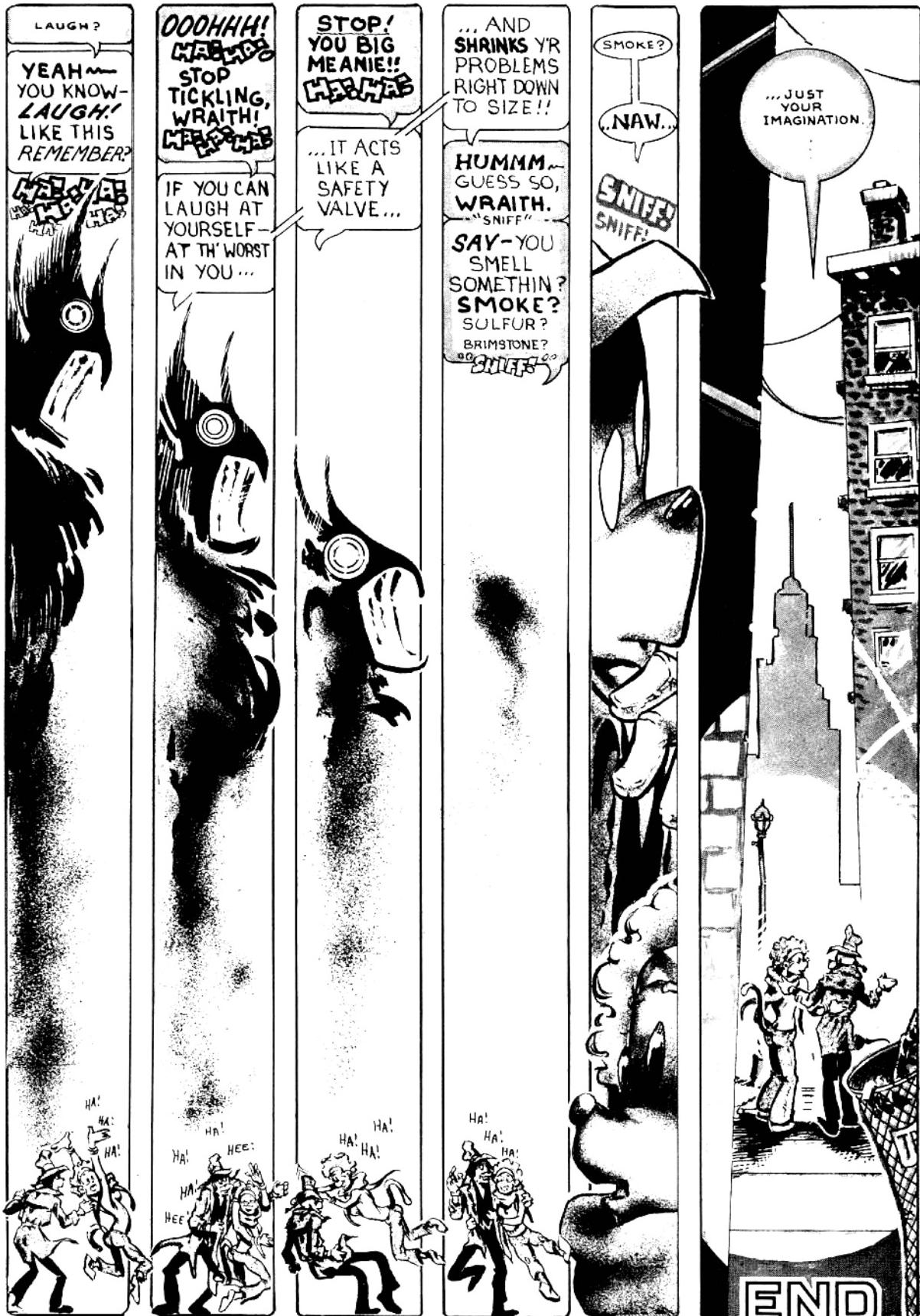
YES, IVORY, I DO **FEAR** THAT **EVIL** IN MYSELF!

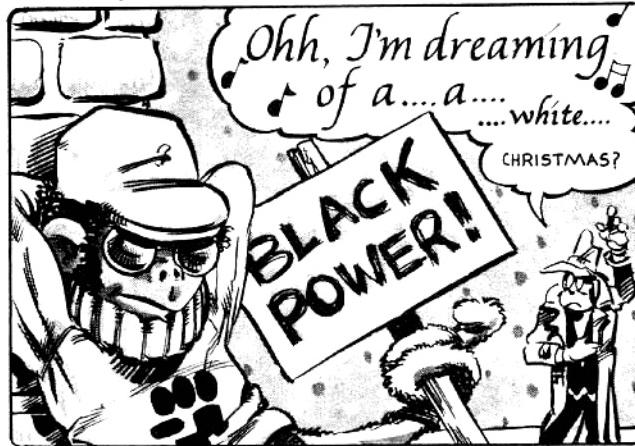
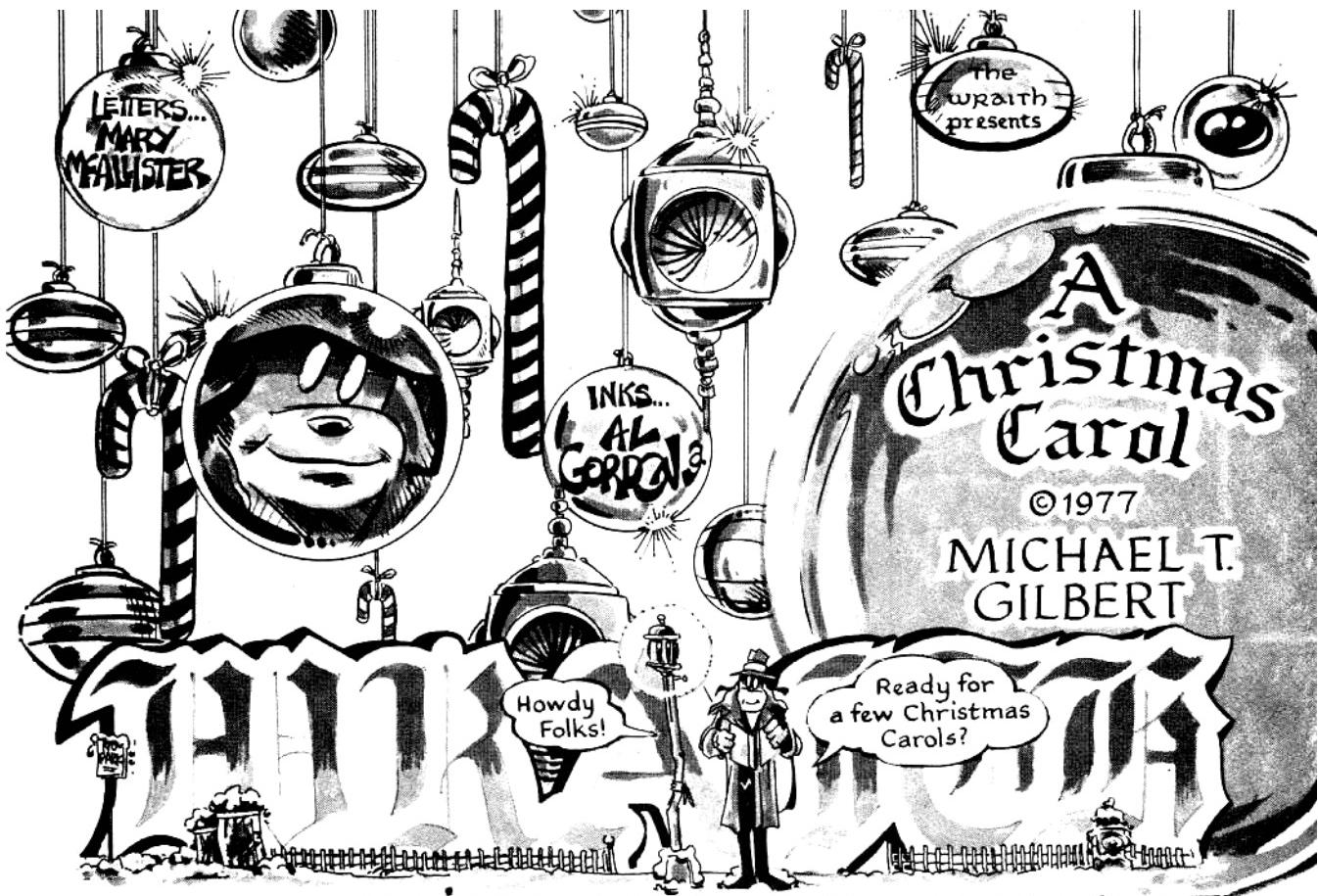
**FEAR, IVORY.** UNCHECKED, THAT **FEAR** CAN GROW—SPREADING—CRIPPLING!

BUT YOU KNOW, IVORY, OVER THE YEARS I'VE DEVELOPED A VERY EFFECTIVE METHOD OF HANDLING **FEAR**

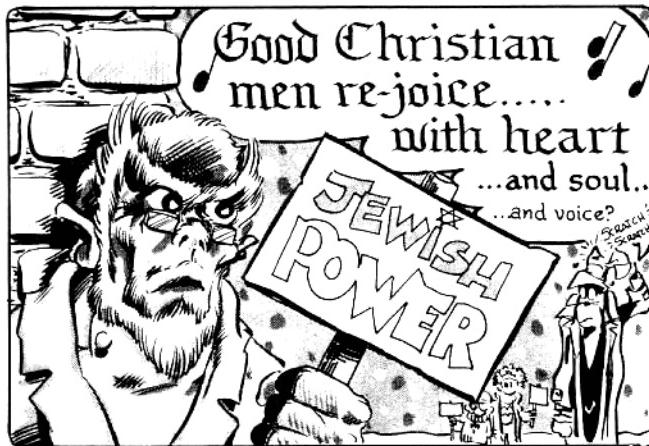
HUH? YEAH? WHADDAYA DO?



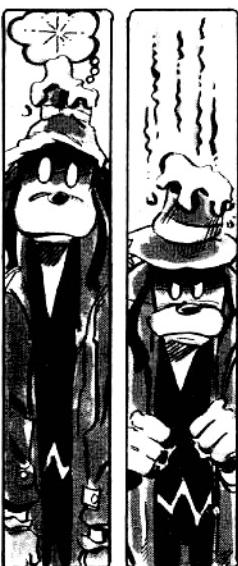
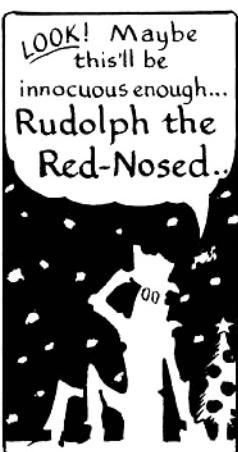




Hmm...perhaps  
this rendition...



LOOK! Maybe  
this'll be  
innocuous enough...  
**Rudolph the  
Red-Nosed...**



Okay, c'mon gang, let's hear it-All Together Now!

# Merry Christmas to all...



Mike Friedrich

TED RICHARDS

SCOTT SHAW

Ken Mackin - Michael T. Gilbert

FRANK BRUNNER

STEVE UEMARS  
LEIGHLOHA

AL GORDON

Mary McAllister

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